

**The story of Jacob and
his twelve sones.**

Jacob (the Patriarch)

6.25.12.9.



All yonge and olde that lyst to here
Of dedes done in the olde tyme
By the holy patryarkes that there were
Whiche descended of olde Adams lyne
Often the sonne of grace on them byde thyne
For to rede this story it wyll do you moche good
Of Abrahams sone that was syth Noes flood

Unto one Rebecca this Ysaac was maryed
Of aage the byble sayth he was .xl. yere
In dede his maydenhede so longe with hym taryed

And yet in longe tyme his wyfe no chylde bere
Than to our lord god he made his prayere
For to sende hym fruyte this worlde to multiply
And than his wyfe conceived as scripiture dooth specyfy

Two chyliden in dede had Rebecca in her body
And whan they were quicke oftentymes they fought
This good woman than meruayled gretely
What it myght be and toke grette thought
Than mekely our lord god she besought
To haue some knowlege what it myght sygnelpe
She toke so grette sorowe that the teres fell fro her eye

Our lord that all knoweth sawe how she fared
With sobbynge and syghyng euermore cryenge
Of his grette goodnes vnto her he appered
And sayd woman cease thy grette wepyng
Two maner of people ben in thy body spryngyng
That shall be deliuered fro thy wombe shortly
Of the whiche the scble shall ouercome the myghty

At the laste her tyme neyghed very nere
The throwes sore thrylled her thrygh with payne
All her body was faynt apalled was her chere
So deliuered she was of fayre chyliden twayne
The fyrst that yssued was rough Esau called by name
Than folowed Jacob his brothers fote holdyng
Fast in his hande this was a meruaylous thyng

Whan that they dreme to aerge these two brether
Esau was a plowman a tyller of londe
And for pleasure ofte wolde be a hunter
To walke erly and late with bowe in his honde
Jacob was so symple at home wolde he stonde
Alwayne with his moder for she loued hym better



Than euer the dyde Esau a thousande tymes swetter
Esau was best beloued yet with the fader
Bycause he ete ofte of the benyson that he toke
And Jacob was in fauour with Rebecca his moder
Thus may ye it fynde yf that ye wyll loke
Esau wente a huntynge thus sayth the boke
All a daye togyder without mete or brede
That whan he came home for hunger he was nye deed

Whan he came to the hall he sawe Jacob stande
There to his dyner than was Esau fayne
Holdynge a dysche of potage in his hande
Blake sayd Esau for hunger now do I complayne
In all this worlde is no greter payne
I praye the brother of thy potage let me ete with the
Ray wys quod Jacob thou getest none of me

But yf thou wylte sayd Jacob sell me thyn herytage
I sayth of these thou getest neuer a dele
And yf thou wylte do so holde here this potage
For fayntnes than Esau to the grounde sell
And sayd rather than dye my patrymony wyll I sell
No thyng wolde it profyte me yf I dyed for honger
For my bely weneth my throte is cut asonder

I am content sayd Esau that thou it take for thy potage
Well than quod Jacob yf thou wylte resyne
I wyll haue the swere that as for thyn herytage
Thou shalte neuer clayme and here lye hande in myne
Dooze Esau thought it longe or that he myght dyne
And sayd vnto Jacob now take it for euer
Thy potage in my hande haue had I leuer

This bargayne was knytte bothe partyes were gladde
Esau ete the potage therof he was fayne
And I trowe Jacob had no cause to be sadde

His broders herptage there dyde he clayme
These promyses made bytwene them twayne
And than Jacob thought to lyue full meryly
With the londe that Esau dyde set full lytell by

At the last theyr fader wered blynde and myght not se
And on a daye he called Esau his sone
Ysaac sayd chyldre Esau come hyther to me
For my lyue dayes be nere hande done
Therefore go forth and fette me some venyson
And as soone as thou doost it home bynyng
Come to me and thou shalt haue my blessing

Esau dyde on his harneys for drede of beestes wyld
By his gyrdell arowes and in his hande a bowe
And than by his owne moder Esau was begyld
For as soone as Rebecca dyde it knowe
Forth she called Jacob and to hym dyde shewe
All togyder and sayd sone yf thou wylte do after me
Esau shall lese his faders blessing for he shal gyue it the

Go thou to the flocke and fette me kyddes twayne
The best that amonge them may be founde
Than Jacob of this counseyle was full fayne
To the felde hasted hym swyftly in that stounde
And chase the best that were goynge in that grounde
Than home to his moder he them brought
So poore Esau was begyled that no falshe thought

Than of the kyddes fleshe Rebecca sodde grete plente
And made Ysaac ete in stede of venyson
Loo the blynde often dzyrketh many a flye
Than the moder made Jacob to take the kyddes skyn
To wrappe his handes his face and his necke therein
Well sayd Rebecca yf thy fader fele the rough of here

He wyll beleue none other but that thou Esau were

Oude ysaac the blynde began to were hongry
And called Rebecca and sayd that he wolde ete
Suche as she had prayed her swyftly
Note or elles colde hym for to gete
Rebecca answered and sayd ye shall haue mete
For Esau hath brought plentye of benysone
Why quod Jacob is he come home so soone

Ye sayd Rebecca he is come ywys
Flethe hath he brought I sawe neuer none better
In all my lyfe neuer fatter than it is
Syth ye were borne neuer ete ye swetter
I am gladde sayd ysaac I loue hym the better
Than Rebecca fette therof ysaac for to please
He was hongry and ete fast and made hym well at ease

Than Jacob spake to his fader for his blessinge
And on the grounde he kneled on his kne
Fader he sayd this benyson home dyde I bynge
Now I haue fulfylled that whiche ye badde me
Why sayd ysaac arte thou Esau and he sayd ye
To fele thy skynne quod ysaac I haue grete lust
And yf thou be Esau I shall the knowe I trust

Than Jacob rose and wente to his fadere
And sayd to hym wyll ye fele my hande
Than ysaac felte it rough all of here
He wende it had ben Esau that by hym dyde stande
But alas he wandred ouer the lande
Amonge busshes and bryambles he dyde ron
And no knowlege had he of this grete treason

I knowe well sayd ysaac that thou arte Esau
And by speche I wolde take the for Jacob

Now blessed be this daye that euer I it knewe
For thou shalt be mayster of many a lande brode
And haue the blessinge of the heuenly lord
Therefore come hyther let me kysse thy mouth
All men shall obey to the bothe by north and south

Where euer thou become thou shalt haue plente
All the trybes shall euer worshyp thy name
With the peas wyll dwell and all prosperyte
They that the curseth shall be cursed agayne
The for to please men wyll be full fayne
And the sones of theyr moders shall bowe to the
Batayles many thou shalt wyne bothe by londe & see

Then Jacob rose and wente his waye
With that came Esau that moche benyson brought
And bare it to his fader and thus dyde he saye
Fader this fleshe full ferre haue I sought
So sodelyny Ysaac was smyten with a thought
And sayd what arte thou fro whens doost thou come
Forsothe I am Esau your fyrst begoten sone

Ysaac meruayled moze than may be thought credybyll
And longe or he myght speke in a traunce laye
As the mayster of the story sayth so dyde he lye styll
Lyke as the soule from the body had ben awaye
Whan he dyde speke / o good lord dyde he saye
Thy wyll is that Jacob holde haue my blessinge
Yet loued I Esau aboue all erthly thyng

Who was that sayd Ysaac that brought me the benysone
Euen now that I had therwith dyde I dyne
I wende it had ben Esau myn owne sone
Alas sayd Esau fader that blessinge sholde be myne
Jacob hath me begyled now the seconde tyme

Longe agone also for a mesc of potage
He had my pattrymony that was myn herptage

Alas sayd Esau my herte is very woo
And sayd fader haue ye not one blessynge for me
I truste that all from me be not agoo
Ysaac sayd sone there is no remedye
I haue ordeyned hym to be thy lord over the
Thou shalt obey thy broder and lyue by thy swerde
All that beholde thy face shall be aferde

Rebecca wende that Esau Jacob wolde haue slayne
And badde hym hie and go out of his daungere
Unto thyn owne vncle that dwelleth in arayne
For and thou tarrest thy lyfe standeth in fere
Esau wyl the kyll I herde hym so swere
Therefore in all the haste Jacob be gone
And whan his angre is past agayne come home

Than Jacob departed from Barfabe
And wente full faste towarde arayne
Ysaac and Rebecca wepte full pyteously
So Jacob hyed ouer herhe and playne
The sonne drew downe his rest he wolde haue fayne
And as he slepte hym thought that he dyde se
A longe ladder stretchynge to the skye

Angelles goynge bpwarde he sawe also
And in the myddes almyghty god dyde stonde
That sayd to hym I wyl blyss the where euer thou go
And to thy seide I wyl gyue this londe
That thou doost on slepe it shall be in thy honde
For I am the god of Abraham that thou doost se
And I caused Ysaac his blyssynge to gyue the

Than Jacob rose on the moynynge erly

And sayd that there was the gate of heuen
Of all the erth that place was moost holy
And thanked god for that whiche he had sene
And vnder his heed a stone that was full clene
He rered vp and set it on the ende
There prayed he god good fortune hym to sende

Than Jacob wente forth in to the east
Tyll he came to a grete pyt of water
Thre flocke of shepe with many an other beest
He sawe how they laye all in that corner
Than he thought they wolde drynke of that water
And custome men had to roll awaye the stone
The beestes sholde go in and drynke euerychone

Jacob sawe shepherdes fro hym not very for
And asked of whens they were / and they sayd of Arayne
Knowe you Laban quod Jacob sone of Aachoz
They all answered ye we knowe hym for certayne
Loo syr yonder cometh Rachell we tell you playne
That is Labans doughter with his flocke of shepe
God saue that kynrede sayd Jacob & fro care them kepe

Than Jacob wente and kyssed Rachell full swetely
And tolde her that Rebecca was his moder
Rachell was gladde of that tydyng trulpy
Eche of them made grete Joye of other
Of curtesy Jacob coude do none other
With strength pulled the stone fro the pyttes bynke
That Rachelles shepe therof myght drynke

Than Rachell bare tydynges to her fader
That Jacob Rebeccaes sone was come
Laban was gladde that tydyng to here
And for to mete hym hastely he dyde ronne

The foules were neuer gladder of the lyght of the sonne
Than were they twayne for eche salewed other
For Laban was Jacobs vncle Rebeccas owne brother

There Jacob dyde them playnly to vnderstonde
That he had wonne his faders blessinge
The gladder was Laban to haue hym in that londe
He thought that plente sholde growe of euery thyng
Bothe corne and grasse grete plente wolde spryng
Laban prayed Jacob there to lede his lyfe
And he wolde gete hym Rachell to be his wyfe

There Jacob promysed to serue them. vii. yere
With hym to abyde and be bothe true and playne
And for to haue Rachell to be his fere
Eythir of that bargayne was full fayne
All his yeres he serued bothe in colde and ra
And on a day Laban maryed Jacob to Rachel his childe
But as they were in bedde brought Jacob was begyde

The elder doughter that was called Lea
They brought to Jacobs bedde vnknowynge
To hym and all nyght by his syde laye
But whan he sawe her in the mornynge
He sayd there was vnkynde delynge
To brynge hym Lea for fayre Rachell
Jacob sayd to Laban this dede lyketh me not well

Fayre syr sayd Laban it is the lawe of this lande
That the elder doughter fyrst maryed sholde be
Bothe Lea and Rachell thou shalte haue in thy hande
But ether seuen yere thou must dwell with me
Therto I graūt quod Jacob these yeres wyll I serue the
And the nexte weke agayne wyll I be maryed
Vnto fayre Rachell for her longe haue I tarped

To bothe was he maryed Rachell bode longe barayne
But Lea conceived and bare her chyld Rubyne
For Jacob loued Rachell in euery dayne
Better than euer he dyde Lea for all her chyldren
For she was somewhat blete eyed and had sore eyes
Yet she bare hym .x. sones the boke sayth playne
Where as Rachell brought hym forth but twayne

Jacob thought in that countre he had longe taryed
With labour he bode out full .xiiij. yere
Than whan his hole terme he had out serued
He sayd to Rachell I wyll tary no lesiger here
Now to Barlabé wyll I go I nede not to fere
As for Esau my broder I trust wyll be my frende
What euer me betyde to my countre wyll I wende

Jacob sayd to Laban that to barlabé he wolde
Laban hadde hym byde with hym i hat yere
And what euer he asked haue it he sholde
I desyre quod he the lambes of dyuers coler
And yf thou wylt graunt me that to my hyre
With all other bestes that blacke spotted be
And for all this twelue monethes I wyll byde with the

Bothe bestes and lambes I gyue the sayd Laban
All that euer blacke spotted be
Clayme them for thyn whan they come fro the dāne
Than sayd Jacob for this hyre I wyll abyde with the
In fayth sayd Laban it shall not be broken for me
So Jacob pylled rodde wherre the shepe sholde gone
Bestes & lambes were spotted that yere nye euery chone

The nexte yere after Laban sayd he wolde
Haue all the spotted and Jacob than the whyte
To his parte in dede he haue sholde

Our lord for Jacob shewed his myght
That all the bestes or lambes that fell daye or nyght
They were cleane whyte the moost parte ywys
Than was he wroth that his flocke was bygger than his

Jacob spyed that Laban frowned of chere
And tolde pryuely his wyfe Rachell
That he wolde be gone for he Laban dyde fere
Than he conuayed all his herdmen softly and styll
And had them hye with theyr bestes to galard & hys hyll
Bothe with asses and camelles thyder make hyenge
And my wyues with my .xij. sones after wyll I bynge

So forth wente Jacob bothe with good and catell
And sent worde that he was comynge to Esau his broder
Laban myssed Jacob and had grete meruell
He knewe that he was gone and se it wolde be none other
Yet wolde I kysse my daughters for I am theyr fader
It was tolde hym by a man of that countrey
That Jacob was at moungalard of .vij. dayes Journey

Than Laban rode after thus sayth the boke
On a good camell bothe nyght and daye
Yet at the laste he Jacob ouertoke
He asked of hym whether he wolde that waye
Unto my countre sayd Jacob who wyll saye naye
Not I sayd Laban but my chyldren kysse I wolde
And thy twelue sones also I loue better than golde

There of all his kynrede Laban toke his leue
And asked Jacob why he wente so hastily
You were wrothe quod Jacob and that dyde I proue
Yet twenty yere I haue serued the besyly
In colde and in rayne attende to thy husbandry
And to go from the sodeynly I was full fayne

Left thou by some treason me wolde haue slayne

Nay nay sayd Laban I wolde not do so

But for all the treasure in Egypte

I am sorry that thou wylte from vs go

With thy asses camelles and thy shepe

I praye the Jacob my daughters well to kepe

And I trust than our lord god wyl blyss the

That thy grandfather worshypped (one) in stede of thys

So Jacob and Laban toke leue eche of other

And departed there with full heuy chere

Laban prayed Jacob to recomaunde hym to his brother

So forth they wente and whan Esau dyde here

That towarde that countree Jacob dreme nere

Esau mette hym with foure hondred of men

So sore afrayde was neuer Jacob as he was then

He wende that Esau wolde hym haue slayne

And with his chyldren fell to his brothers fete

Arise sayd Esau of your comynge I am fayne

Whose be these women these chyldren & these shepe

With asses and camelles all these herde of gete

They be myn sayd Jacob I gyue them to you

Kepe them thyselfe sayd Esau for I haue ynow

Than was Jacob and his wyues glad

That his brother Esau was so good and kynde

In that countree mete and drynke they had

For as god hym promysed so dyde he fynde

Ysaac his fader was deed that he lefte there behynde

Whan that he to the countree of aaron fledde

Rebecca his moder also was dede

Than Jacob in that countre lyued at his ease

With bothe his wyues Rachell and Lea

Yonge and olde fayne were hym to please
So they continued in Joye many a longe daye
At the laste Jacobs sone in a bedde laye
Whiche was broder to Beniamy
Bothe were Racheles sones she had no more truly

This Ioseph in his slepe dyde dreame
That the sone and the mone bothe bowed to his fete
And fayre byght sterres to the nombre of a leuen
Bowed to hym all this dyde he mete
Also he sawe a wonder that many sheues of whete
Folowed hym thugh out the londe
And his fader and moder at his fete dyde stonde

Yonge Ioseph meruayled what that myght be
And on a daye he asked of Jacob his fader
What that the dreame dyde sygnefye
And tolde his fader all as is reherced before
Blessyd be the tyme sone sayd Jacob yf thou were boye
For whyle that I lyue that daye shall we se
That I with thy .xi. betherne for nede must seke the

The sonne and the mone betokeneth me and thy moder
And the aleuen sterres be thy betherne all
We shall haue nede of the I can se none other
By my lyue dayes this ventura shall befall
All his sones than Jacob dyde forth call
And whan they this knewe at Ioseph they had enuye
Than they compyled his deeth & sayd that he sholde dye

Not longe after as I vnderstande
The .xi. betherne keppe theyr faders shepe
With many other beestes in theyr owne lande
As asses camelles and also gete
Aboute tyde of the daye Jacob sente them mete

Therwith to dyne by Ioseph theyr owne broder
And all they entended that yonge chyld to murder

Þoodre Ioseph toke theyr dyner and wente to the selde
His bretherne to seke the nexte waye byde he go
He looked on euery syd eand behelde
Them he coude not fynde he wepte than for wo
The teres ran from his eyen and not ferre hym fro
He sawe a man that asked what he had brought
My brethernes dyner for them haue I sought

Thy bretherne sayd the man be on dotayne
There they all syt on the hye hyll
Beware thou ladde I tell the playne
If thou be Ioseph they wyll the kyll
Therfore tourne home agayne and let them be styll
Without thou be wery of thy lyfe
One sayd for thy dzeme thou sholdest dye on a knyfe

Syr I trust my bretherne better than so
Yet vnto dotayne theyr dyner he bere
Aoo yonder cometh Ioseph they all sayd tho
Whiche by nyght is so ryall a dzemere
All they sayd his herte ought to be in fere
For his fader shall he neuer se ne none of his kyrr
Yet now do after my counseyle than sayd Rubyn

Rubyne sayd bretherne he is of our owne blode
Let vs not kyll hym with swerde nor knyfe
But bynde we his handes and laye hym on the flode
Soone the streame wyll bereue hym of his lyfe
So toke they Ioseph that thought on no stryfe
And wrapped his sherte aboute his face
And layde hym on the fone there was no grace
But as god wolde it was ebbingge water

Soone wente they to dyner and after to theyr playe
And as they looked from them a ferre
They sawe poore Joseph sprawllynge where he laye
All araped in foule oile and claye
Let vs go they sayd and kyll hym out ryght
We nede not than to fere that he dremed the last nyght

Thyder they wente and toke vp that yonglynge
Haue mercy on me bretherne Joseph gan saye
With that they sawe a chapman come rydynge
Had many hors lode and to Egypte toke the waye
They asked the chapman yf he wolde bye Joseph or nay
And he sayd ye and ye wyll hym sell
To you. xxx. pens for hym geue I wyll

Let vs se money sayd they all than
And as for the boye shall go with the
With all my herte sayd the chapman
He layde the pens in theyr handes shortly
And thought that he had made a good dayes Journey
So toke his leue and wente his waye
But Joseph weped and wayled euery daye

Now god helpe poore Joseph for yonge was he solde
All his bretherne therof were gladde in theyr mode
Nyght drewe on fast homewarde they wolde
Theyr mete cloth they besprange all with gotes blode
Jacob theyr fader in his doze stode
Why come ye homte so soone he to them dyde saye
They answered that they ete nor dranke to daye

Jacob sayd I sente Joseph to you longe before none
With mete brede and drynke good plente
They sayd fader homewarde as we dyde come
This mete cloth here we founde all bloody

A pot there lyeth broken also in peces thre
Alas alas sayd Jacob I trowe Joseph be deed
And yf it be so with sorowe I shall ete my breed

Rachell tare her heere and fell downe to the grounde
And tare her clothes in peces small
Jacob also ofte sythes he swownde
And sayd Joseph is gone my chefe Joye of all
But Rachell often wepyng wolde she fall
And bete her brest agayne the herte with a colde stone
Wylte it was to here her crye and grone

Now leue we of and speke we of the chapman
That past ouer the see in to Egypte londe
But truly or he thyder came
The wynde styfly agayne them dyde stonde
And yet at the laste an hauen they fonde
The chapman ledde Joseph with a rope in the strete
Hym for to bye came many a lorde grete

Knyghtes and ladyes came ferre that chylde to se
With many grete men of pharaos londe
It was talked abrode that he was so goodly
And whan that pharaos stewart y dyde vnderstonde
He asked the chylde that to the chapman was bonde
If he wolde be his man and dwell with hym
Than Joseph answered I wyll be at your byddyng

The stewart to the chapman an. C. ponde payd
Of lytell Joseph that of face was bryght
I haue lost no money than the marchaunt sayd
Yet for his beaute he is worth of golde his wyght
And euery body that of Joseph had a syght
They thought he had ben an aungell of pleasaunce
He was so fayre and louely of countenaunce

Ladyes and maydens they loued Joseph all
And men dyde blyffe hym when they dyde se
So goodly a chyld carved in the hall
And meruayled of what countre he myght be
The steward had a syster beyonde the see
She sente hym a serket and a mantell of golde
The ryshenelle therof may not be tolde

Touched with perles and stones precyous
With saphers rubyes and other stones of yude
Of many dyuerse colour set full curpous
Costly broudyed with arres as I fynde
Chaungeable of colour before and behynde
These ryche clothes this lady sente to her brother
In all the worlde there was not suche an other

The steward behelde this costly werke
And on his body ware it but one daye
By a large fote for hym it was to shorte
If it wolde serue Joseph he thought he wolde assaye
And cladde the chyld in that costly aray
And it was as well made for hym
As euer was vesture to the emperours kyn

On a daye the steward wolde on huntynge ryde
Than the quene called Joseph in to her boure
And made hym to syt bolone by her syde
She wolde haue kyssed hym and behelde his colout
And sayd that she loued hym as her paramour
And besought hym of her to take his pleaser
Ray god forbode quod he to dye were me leuer

She proffred hym fayre bothe castelles and toures
And all the pryce of egypte he sholde haue
This sayd she to hym with halles and bours

And more rycheſſe yf he wolde it craue
fro ſekenes ſhe ſayd his body wolde ſhe ſaue
And aſked therof yf he graunte wolde
He answered ſhortly that no thyng he ſholde
He ſayd in adame I wyll be true to my lord
Traytour wyll I neuer be to my ſoueraigne
Therefore beleue me at a worde
Rather than do ſo had I leuer be ſlayne
With that ſoude dyde ſhe crye & brake her lace in twayne
And ſmote her noſe that it gullehed all on blode
And rente downe her ſerker that was of ſylke full good
She tolde the knyghtes that Joſeph wolde by her layne
And that he tare her robes all aſonder
And helpe had not come this theſe had me ſlayne
Than all the courte therof dyde wonder
That he durſte pull her lace aſonder
God wote it came neuer in his thought
But full grete treaſon by women hath be wrought
At nyght it was ſhewed to the kynge
How ſuche a treſpaſſe to the queene was done
He comaunded Joſeph in pryſon than to brynge
I charge you ſayd Pharaos that traytour ſette ſoone
Than downe to the towne Joſeph was gone
They toke and put hym in a dongeon grete
Comfortles there he laye without drynke or mete
Than the baker & the butler that had be ſeruautes longe
Wyched Pharaos that was theyr lord and kynge
Alſo they were brought to that pryſon ſtrong
Where Joſeph gyltes alone laye them
Grete hongre he ſuffered with wepyng and waylyng
At the laſt bothe butler and baker bare hym company

For in the same prison by hym dyde they lye

Than these two men that in to þe dongeon were brought
They had meruaylous dreames there on a nyght
The butler in a byneyarde a cup of wyne he thought
He had in his hande all in þe charas syght
Lordes and ladies dranke therof bothe squyer & knyght
And euer he had thre grapes in his cup holdyng
All the people dranke and neuertheles was the wyne

The baker thought that he had holde on his sholder
A lepe full of bryde that was newe bake
Than came there wyld foules that fro hym dyde it bere
And euen with that bothe sodenly gan wake
So vnto Joseph these wordes than they spake
Of thei dreames and all the trouth tolde
They prayed hym to shewe what it synnifye sholde

Joseph sayd baker thou shalt be hanged hye
And byrdes shall bere thy fleche awaye
Deth must thou sustre there is no remedye
And the butler neede not to feare
For his olde offyce euen as I saye
He shall haue and for euer kepe it styll
And of kynge þe charas to haue all his wyll

Butler quod Joseph yet remembre me
Whan that thou comest to thyn offyce agayne
Where thou shalt of euery thyng haue plente
Forgete not poore Joseph that lyeth here in payne
And yf thou here any man on me do playne
In chambere or hall at bedde or boorde
I praye the gentyll butler geue me the good worde
The baker and the butler kynge þe charas se wolde
On the morowe he sente for them bothe

Than founde they true all that Ioseph tolde
The butler to his offyce that daye he gothe
But the pooze baker to tell you the sothe
On a gybet he made his ende
And y^e butler in pharaos courte than had many a frende

So on a nyght kynge Pharao in his bedde laye
He thought in his slepe that myghty beestes seuen
Fayter noz fatter sawe he neuer before that daye
They ete corne and grasse of them dyde he dreame
And euer he thought that they came fro a streame
That was in the west and than downe by a stone
These fayre beestes layde them to rest euerychone

Than out of the streame comynge he sawe as many as
That came and ete by all theyr corne clene
So feble than they were that they myght not go
For all that they had corne yet were they lene
Than sodenly Pharao waked of his dreame
And called to his men this dreame to expounde
They wylt not what it ment all that were in that grounde

My lord quod the butler there is one in your pryson
That ye do hate your dreame can he tell
If it be Ioseph sayd Pharao go sette hym soone
And of this mater yf he can shewe me well
I wyl forgve hym my malpce euery dell
Than was ytell Ioseph to the kynge brought
He wende he sholde dye therfore he toke grete thought

Than Pharao to Ioseph all his dreame tolde
And sayd canst thou tell me what it dooth mene
And thou shalte haue pience sayd Pharao of golde
Syr sayd Ioseph I wyl shewe the of thy dreame
What dyde sygnefye the fayre fatte beestes seuen

Thou shalt haue seuen plenty yerres of whete
And as many moos there shall be none to gete

The last beestes þ thou shalt see on whiche þ doost wonder
That ete vp all the corne and yet were they leue
It betokeneth that there is comynge. vii. yerres of hunger
And all the other plente they shall ete vp cleue
As I tell the this it dooth mene
Well sayd kynge Pharaos this dreame is well expounded
Therefore wyll I make the steward of my grounde

Lo than was Joseph steward of Egypte londe
He gadereth in the corne bothe daye and nyght
All men hym pleased bothe free and bonde
Unto Joseph byde bothe squire and knyght
Yet sayne wolde he haue knowlege and he myght
Whether his fader and his moder were on lyue
He threwe moche chaffe on the water that was lyght
That into Israell the wynde myght it dryue

In Israell than was there hunger grete
Jacob that was Josephs fader with his sones all
Coude not gete in theyr countre brede nor mete
So grete scarfenes amonge them was fall
As for corne had they none and mete but shall
At the last the. xii. bretherne by the see syde gan gone
They sawe where the chaffe came fletynge on the some

Than home to theyr fader these bretherne byde ronne
And of the chaffe shewed hym that they byde synde
Out of what countree sayd Jacob sholde it come
Can ye tell and whiche waye cometh the wynde
It came out of Egypte they answered by theyr mynde
In fayth sayd his chyldren that by hym byde stande
Now wolde to god sayd Jacob þ we were in that lande
My sones all thyder I wyll you sende

For yow syght soone I shall ordeyne a galye
Also ye shall haue golde ynough for to spende
Haste ye thyder and come agayne lyghtly
If ye tary longe for hongre I shall dye
Than they toke theyr shyppe & sayled forth in dede
I praye god sayd Iacob to be your good spede

The shyppe was swyfte that they in rode
God dyde them sende also a fayre wynde
And soone they passed ouer the see brode
So accras hauens forsothe gan they fynde
They kest an ancre soone to the londe they gan wynde
The fyrst man they mette was a harper
That knewe Israell for he trauayled fer

This mynstrell shewed them the custome of the countree
Bycause they wolde to the courte he gaue them a rynge
And hadde them bere it to the porter my broder is he
The more fauour ye may haue there at your comynge
And to the stewart for my sake he wyll you brynge
So they toke theyr leue eche at other
Farewell sayd the mynstrell recomaunde me to my broder

At the last these bretherne with the stewart dyde mete
And prayed hym to haue some whete for theyr golde
Lowe on theyr knees all they gan sytte
The stewart lyked theyr fauour and them gan beholde
And sayd out of this londe no whete shall be solde
Ye yonge men quod Joseph of what countree are ye
Of Israell londe one Iacobs sones be we

For Joye than the teres fell fro his eye
And sodenly loked asyde
Bycause his bretherne sholde hym not spy
So forth togyder they all dyde ryde

And sayd that in Israell grete hongre byde byde
Joseph asked yf they had any moo byetheryn
And they sayd ye his name is Beniamyn

Than he gaue them whete theyr sakes euen full
And they payed for it to hym all theyr golde
Joseph sayd ye shall haue as moche as ye wull
These byetherne thanked hym many folde
At the last came Rubyne his sake bp to holde
Than Joseph let fall a cuppe amonge the whete
So knytted bp that bagge and badde them go to mete

So they toke theyr leue they wolde no longer byde
And whan they were gone thus a dayes Journey
Joseph badde men after them to ryde
And sayd bynge them agayne oz they go to theyr galey
For they haue bozne the kynges cuppe awaye
The men after rode at the last them ouertoke
And made them so aferde that pyteously they loke

Abyde ye theues the men to them sayd
Ye haue stolen a cuppe that longeth to the kyng
fro theyr backs theyr bagges downe they layde
All they on other stode heuily lokynge
Good syrs we haue none sayd chylde Rubyne
Than they sought the sakes as they stode on the grounde
And in Rubynes bagge the cuppe they founde

God wote than that they all were wo
And loked as pale as the ashes dede
To gete helpe oz comfote they wyll not how to do
Lo ye theues the men to them sayde
In pryson shall ye and there to ete your brede
And bounde theyr handes & ledde them to theyr brother
Wenynge for to dye they knewe all none othes

Then Joseph sayd syrs hold is this befall
That this cuppe of golde is amonge you found
Forsothe sayd they we knewe it not at all
And than fell on theyr knees to the grounde
Hens ye go not yet sayd Joseph for a. 40. pounce
But yf ye wyll brynge me Beniamyn
That is your brother sayne I wolde se hym

Tyll ye haue hym brought sayd Joseph tho
One of you to pledge here shall abyde
How saye ye are ye agreed thereto
And they answered hym ye in that tyde
Than go whan ye wyll sayd Joseph god be your gyde
So they toke theyr shyppe and sayled ouer the stronds

On a daye lytell Beniamyn that was left at home
To his fader for brede he dyde praye
Hys sone sayd Jacob I haue none
And therfore I may saye well awaye
For now I lacke my fode and none gete I may
Alas sayd the chyld agayne fader I wolde haue breed
My bely is sore for hunger alas I wolde be deed

Jacob wepte so dyde Rachell also
To se theyr chyld for his brede crye
Alas they sayd now were we neuer so wo
Our whete is all gone and none can we bye
A good god sayd Jacob for saute now I dye
My sones from egypte I wolde were come full sayre
For all the worlde hongre is the grettest payne

And as soone as they these wordes spoken
All his sones brought whete in to the ho
Then Jacob and his wyfe wered

And lytell Beniamyn well knewe them all
So they shewed theyr fader what dyde them befall
And sayd that they must cary Beniamyn ouer the see
Nay that shall ye not quod Jacob he shall byde with me

We were troubled for a cuppe they all sayd
That was founde in Rubyns bagge
And we had wende verily that we sholde all haue dyed
Grete sorowe and trouble therfore we had
Than Jacob theyr fader was very sadde
And asked for Aller that was theyr brother
He is yet in egypte they sayd it wyll be none other

Tyll we brynge Beniamyn there must he byde
He fareth well ynough they sayd and hath his lyberte
Therfore we wyll hve vs thyder this nexte tyde
And brynge home whete grete plente
Alas sayd Jacob none other can I se
Now shall I lese Beniamyn after Joseph
In sorowe shall I lyue all the dayes of my lyfe

So ouer in to egypte Beniamyn they ladde
And before the stwarde they dyde hym brynge
Than was Joseph I trowe full gladde
Whan he sawe all his bretherne before hym knelynge
So Joseph prayed them in ebrewe to synge
And euer his eye he cast on lytell Beniamyn
Be ye sure he was gladde for to se hym

Than they all songe ebrewe as theyr broder hadde
I trowe Joseph therof was fayne
And than he called them bretherne & bad them be gladde
For I am he sayd that you solde in dottayne
Remembre ye not that ye me wolde haue slayne
Alas sayd Rubyne vnto his bretherne tho

For that same dede to deeth now shall we go
Not so quod Joseph I forgyue you all
And than he kyssed them euerychone
In this countree bretherne now ye abyde shall
But fyrst agayne ye must go home
And sette all my kynrede of them leue not one
Bothe my fader and my moder bynge hyder to me
And in this lande they shall lyue full mercyly

Home they wente in to Istrahell londe
And tolde theyr fader good tydynge haue we brought
Joseph our broder agayne haue we fonde
Whete in Egypte in a good tyme we fought
God wote that Jacob was gladde in his thought
And than all the bretherne to theyr fader tolde
How for .xxx. pens to a chapman they hym solde

And now fader he prayeth you to come to that lande
With all your kynne vnto the nynt degree
And there shall ye haue all thyng at your hande
With a good wyll quod Jacob thyder wyll we
To shyppe they wente in all the haste that myght be
And shortly landed in Egypte the kyngdome
Joseph was gladde whan he herde they were come

At the laste they mette Joseph in pharaos hall
There he welcomed his fader and Rachell his moder
So for to wasshed to mete for water he dyde call
Jacob toke the lauer in one hande & the basen in þ other
And Rachell in her hande a fayre towell dyde bere
And so to theyr sone it helde for to washe his handes
Say not so quod Joseph this not with reason standes

Than at the table his fader he dyde set
With his moder Rachell and many other mo

Theyr. xij. sones there serued them of mete
On his dreame Joseph thought tho
How that he out of Israhell dyde go
So whan they had eten thus he gan sayne
Now are my dremes true that I had in dotayne

Now dooth the sonne and the mone bowe to my hande
And the. xi. sterres that in my dreame I dyde se
With sheues of whete through out the lande
Now in dede they do folowe me
And now in egypte our lyfe lede we
So than he prayed his fader to be gladde
God hath so prouyded ye haue no cause to be sadde

Syll there they lyued in that countre
In grete rychesse they dyde all habounde
Of shepe and catell they had plente
With gotes asses and camelles full theyr grounde
Theyr kyntede encreased aboute them rounde
Tyll it befell at last that all thyng shall haue ende
God his messenger deth vnto them dyde sende

Now ye that shall this boke se and rede
Do not thynke that it is contruyed of ony fable
For it is the very byble in dede
Wherin our fayth is grounded full stable
Now god gyue vs grace that we may be able
By mercyte of his passyon to heuen assende
For of this mater here I make an ende

¶ Here endeth Jacob and his. xij. sones. Enprynted
at London in Fleetestrete at the sygne of the sonne
by Wynkyn de Worde.



